

# THE PUBLIC HELL OF PRIVATE JONES!

PROG 453  
18 JAN 86

## 2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

91.90 Malaysia  
70c Australia  
70c New Zealand  
88c Mercury  
210c Venus  
88c Mars  
10c Asteroid Belt  
110c Saturn  
2c Pluto  
429c Neptune

**24p**  
EARTH  
MONEY

IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY

**HAMMER  
THAT HELMET!**

**ASSAULT  
COURSE**

**AAGH!**

ibear



# NERVE CENTRE

## BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

Before you eager barbarians get stuck into this prog's episode of 'Tomb Of Terror', I want you to dream about a revolution in the history of the comic strip. I want you to imagine a magazine devoted to fantasy gaming...68 pages - printed on high quality paper - full to the brim with zarjaz artwork created by such master technicians as Bryan Talbot, Kevin O'Neill, David Lloyd and Glenn Fabry...nerve-wrenching stories, each one no less than 19 pages long, in which YOU are *Judge Dredd*, YOU are *Nemesis the Warlock*, YOU are *Slaine*...a truly original concept, setting a new standard by which all future comics will be judged. It is a thrilling idea, Terrans, and the good news is...the dream has become reality! In just 2 weeks' time, your local thrill-merchant will be selling - fast - copies of this brilliant breakthrough! I shall bring you more details next week...when the *DICEMAN* cometh! SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

## THARG

THARG  
SUMP



Drawn by very rude Earthlet C. J. Fraser,  
Bournemouth. £10 Winner.

## 2 FACES OF JOE PINEAPPLES



Drawn by Earthlet Jonathan Forster,  
Lindfield. £10 Winner.

## CUT IT OUT

Dear Tharg,

I hope we haven't seen the last of Judge Death, as he is my all-time fave villain, and I am longing for his return (though the citizenry and Justice Dept may not be!). Following the idea of cut-out figures in your comic I'm surprised you haven't released a cut-out *Judge Dredd* badge, plus chain, with perhaps the eagle belt buckle. Alternatively, you could print a Search/Destroy agent's badge. I think this might prove popular amongst your younger readers.

From Earthlet A. H. Taylor, Liverpool. £5 Winner.

I shall seriously consider your interesting idea for a future prog, since I agree that it might prove popular amongst the under-23s.

## 2000 AD : AMERICAN MAGGI

Dear Tharg,

I've been reading your scrotnig mag for about two months, and although back issues are hard to find in the U.S.A., I have bought many. Could you answer a couple of questions? First, have Carlos Ezquerro and Ian Gibson been the only robots to draw *Strontium Dog* and *Robohunter* respectively? Also, has *Judge Dredd* appeared in every prog of 2000 AD?

From Earthlet James Mollo, New York, U.S.A. £5 Winner.

The robots in question are indeed the only ones to have worked on these stories in 2000 AD. As for Dredd, he was absent from Prog 1, and from Prog 109 - but don't ask why, because I'm not saying...

## THARG JUDGES PRONOUNCEMENT

Dear Tharg,

How do you pronounce 'Betelgeuse'? Is it 'Bet', as in 'get'... 'el', as in 'angel'... 'geese', as in 'honk honk'? Or is it 'Beetle', as in the insect... 'juice', as in what you drink? Or is there some other pronunciation?

From confused Earthlet Tony Hillman, Sheffield. £5 Winner.

As with all languages, pronunciation is largely decided by the geographical origin of the speaker. On my home planet of Quaxxann, for example, Betelgeuse is pronounced 'Better-le-gzz', unless the speaker has had a hard day at the Module, in which case it's 'Bathaa-la-la-gowse'. I trust that clarifies the matter for you.

## PRESENT THE PRESENT NOW!

Dear Mighty Tharg,

When a friend saw the 2000 AD posters stuck on my wall, he realised that I was a great fan of your extremely brilliant publication, and he revealed to me that he owns the first 100 copies of your comic - including all the free gifts! He's keeping them for his daughter, now aged 3, to give to her on her 21st birthday. I feel that this deserves not one but two awards: 'Best Father of 1986', and 'Best Future Birthday Present'.

From Earthlet Robert Stanier, Brighton. £5 Winner.

I am sure your friend means well, but he is making not one but two mistakes. First, there's the danger of several cheapskate relatives reading those progs before his offspring gets them, thus reducing their thrill-power content. Also, imagine the fury of the birthday girl, aged 21, and realising she could have been reading my comic 18 years before!

## VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories  
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and  
enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age Is..... 453

# Sláine



SCRIPT:  
PAT MILLIS  
ART:  
DAVID PUGH  
LETTERING:  
STEVE POTTER



I COULD FEEL  
THAT RAT'S FOUL  
BREATH ON ME.  
UGH! I'D REALLY  
LIKE A  
SHOWER.

THERE'S NO  
TIME. LET'S MOVE ON.

WE CAUTIOUSLY OPENED  
THE NEXT DOOR...

SEEMS  
DESERTED...

THE ROOM WAS  
DRAPED WITH  
THICK CURTAINS  
AND THE FLOOR  
COVERED IN  
ORNATE RUGS...

JUDGING  
BY THE BEDS,  
I'D SAY THIS  
WAS THE HIGH  
PRIESTS' REST  
ROOM.

YES...

I DON'T  
LIKE IT... I SENSE  
SOMETHING FOUL...  
SOMETHING EVIL  
HERE...

THE  
LAST ROOM  
WASN'T  
EXACTLY A  
BARREL OF  
LAUGHS!

NO... THE  
EVIL HERE IS  
MUCH WORSE...  
AN UNSEEN  
HORROR OF  
GREAT POWER...

IN THAT CASE, WE'LL NEED A REST BEFORE WE DEAL WITH IT...

AND SOMETHING TO EAT, TOO. I'M STARVING.

I'M JUST IN THE MOOD FOR A FIGHT! I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING IT...

...OR MAYBE ONE OF YOU WOULD LIKE A TASTE OF BLOOD-PROW? COME ON, THEN! I'M READY!

WHO'S GOING TO GET IT FIRST? MOGROOTH? MURDACH? TLACHTGA? ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE YOU ALL ON TOGETHER... COME ON, YOU COWARDLY—**FIGHT, DAMN YOU!**

BUT EVERYONE SEEMED TO BE BEHAVING ODDLY AND JUST IGNORED SLAINE.

IMAGINE WEARING THIS NECKLACE, TLACHTGA! IT MUST BE WORTH A KING'S RANSOM!

WITH MY FACE? WHAT'S THE POINT? WISH I WAS BEAUTIFUL... LIKE NEST.

FOOD!





THEY'VE  
ALL GONE  
MAD!

WORSE THAN MAD,  
UKKO... I SEE NOW THE  
TERRIBLE PURPOSE OF  
THIS ROOM... THESE  
BEDS...



"THIS IS WHERE THE CYTHRON  
HIGH PRIESTS COME TO SLEEP  
NEAR THEIR GOD... SHARING  
HIS DREAMS... SAVOURING  
HIS VILE THOUGHTS..."



THE EVIL  
EMANATING FROM  
GRIMNISMAL'S  
COFFIN SEEPS  
THROUGH THE WALLS  
... FILLING THE  
ROOM...

OUR COMPANIONS  
HAVE BEEN POISONED  
BY IT... BY SOME OF THE  
SEVEN DEADLY SINS...



"MOGROOTH — BY SLOTH..."



"MURDACH — BY  
COVETOUSNESS..."



"NEST — BY GLUTTONY..."



"TLACHTGA — BY ENVY..."



"AND SLÁINE— BY ANGER!"



YOU PROBABLY ARE, UKKO. BUT YOU'RE SO UNPLEASANT, ANYWAY, I CAN'T TELL.

WHY AREN'T I AFFECTED?

WE MUST LEAVE THIS AWFUL PLACE!



I CAN'T BE BOTHERED!

NOT UNTIL I FIND MORE FOOD!



MAYBE THERE'S SOME UNDER THE BED...



AAAAHHH!



**"A ZOMBIE WARRIOR!"**  
IT'S BEEN FUELLED BY OUR  
EMOTIONS!"

GOOD!  
I'VE BEEN  
ITCHING FOR  
SOMEONE  
TO KILL!

NO! YOU  
CANNOT KILL  
THE DEAD!

IT'S PART  
OF THE DARK  
GOD'S TRAP!  
THE MORE  
EMOTION  
RELEASED, THE  
MORE ZOMBIES  
WILL  
AWAKEN!

Next:  
**UKKO**  
FIGHTS  
BACK!



Game: Pat Mills. Art: Garry Leach.

## LAST WEEK

YOUR WARP RATING: \_\_\_\_\_

TREASURE:

(From Part Six)

IF YOU chose....

A) To let Nest have a shower... You check the tap yourself; water comes out and you breathe a sigh of relief. Then **black slime** belches after it, filling the basin with filth. This is **SLUAGH** slime and its touch will kill.

There's a 50/50 chance of being splashed by the slime. Roll a die to see. If it's a 1, 2, or 3 you've been slimed!



Only magic will reverse the effect—deduct one hour on your clock.

If you rolled a 4 or more, you are unaffected.

You now decide on the course of action in D).

B) You kick open the door to the first cubicle. It's a trap specially designed for people like you who don't use door handles. The doorway is, in fact, the frame of a guillotine and a blade comes swishing down to chop off your leg!

You've a 50/50 chance of getting out of the way in time. Roll a die to see. If it's a 1, 2, or 3, you've lost a limb.



Only magic will reverse the effect—deduct one hour on your clock. If you rolled a 4 or more, you escaped. You now decide on the course of action in D) below.

C) You kick open the door to the second cubicle. Sitting there is another **TYPE 4 BATTLE ORGOT**. His skin is hanging up on a hook and he is playing with a heap of treasure (he likes the pretty colours).

He's angry at being disturbed and attacks you. He will fight to the death.

Fortunately, he's easy to kill without his skin, but by the end of three combat rounds, he will have managed to slip into it. The new warp rating indicated then applies.

If you destroy the orgot, Ukko grasps the treasure in his hot little hands and you add it to your treasure score.

If you destroy the Orgot with magic, you must pay the penalty indicated.

### BATTLE ORGOT'S WARP RATING

WITHOUT SKIN: 6. TIME TAKEN: 10 MINUTES.

WITH SKIN: 12. TIME TAKEN: 10 MORE MINUTES.

OR MAGIC TIME PENALTY: 50 MINUTES. ORGOT'S TREASURE: 60.

You now decide on the course of action in D) below.

D) You open the door to the next room—see the story. Now you must deal with the problems arising this week.

## THIS WEEK

Regardless of how much time you lost as a result of the choices you made last week, your adventures this week took ten minutes. **Deduct ten minutes from your clock.**

At the end of the episode you faced a Zombie Warrior. You must fight him now. Although you cannot kill the undead, you can eliminate him from the fight by reducing his warp rating to zero in the usual way.

**But, because he is a zombie, you must add one to his total every time you throw the dice for him.**

If you use magic to deal with him, you must pay the penalty indicated.

**ZOMBIE'S WARP RATING: 4.**

**COMBAT ADD: +1**

**MAGIC TIME PENALTY: 30 MINUTES.**

Meanwhile... two of your group are driven mad by a desire for food and treasure and start to tear the room apart looking for it. There are 6 hoards of food hidden in the room worth 5 warp points

each. And 3 caches of treasure worth 40 treasure points each.

On the map below, mark 6 squares only where you think food is hidden with an 'F'. Mark 3 squares only where you think treasure is hidden with a 'T'. (Food and treasure are NOT on the same square.)

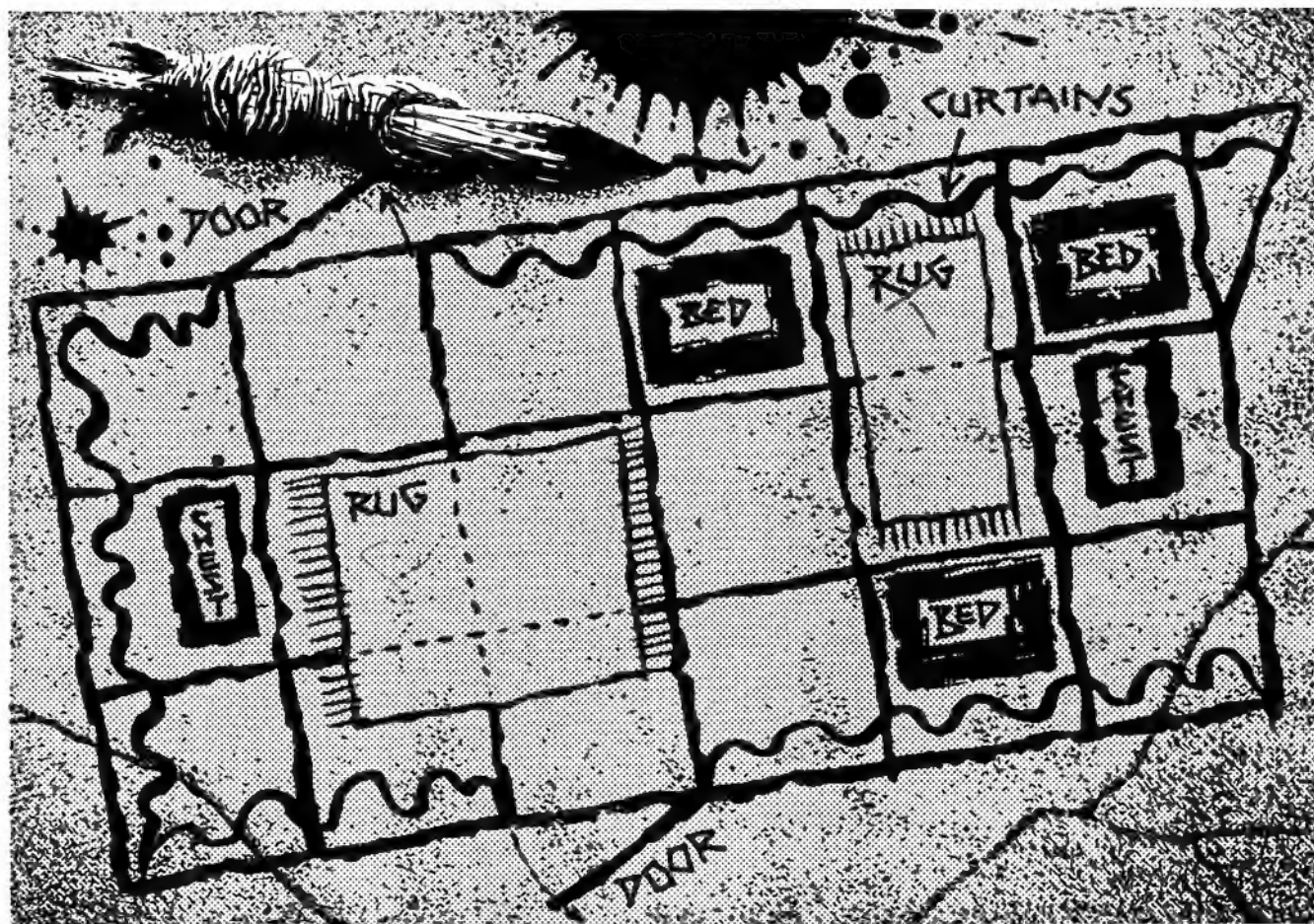
There are also 6 Zombies hidden in the room. If you go poking round and disturb one, he will rise up and attack you. This will happen if the square you marked with an 'F' or a 'T' is really a Zombie square.

Find out next week whether you're rich and powerful or have a gang of blood-crazed Zombie Warriors to deal with! Make a note of your final score in the box below.

**YOUR FINAL WARP RATING :**

**TREASURE :**

Only one item or Zombie is hidden in each square. Your mark counts for the whole of that square. You cannot use magic to find the correct answers.



## NEXT PROG: ZOMBIE MASSACRE!





"GIRLS... ARE YOU LONELY? IS YOUR LIFE LACKING IN PURPOSE?"

"IN TODAY'S ARMED FORCES, YOU'LL FIND A GREAT BIG HAPPY, SLAPPY FAMILY OF CARING PEOPLE, SHARING PEOPLE..."

"PEOPLE LIKE YOU!"



# The Ballad Of HALO JONES

ROOBAAN Credit Card:  
 SCRIPT: ROBOT  
 ALAN MOORE  
 ART: ROBOT  
 JAN 9/89 SON  
 NETWORKING: ROBOT  
 STARKINGS  
 COMPU 73L

## 2: With Your Musket, Fife And Drum



"NOT ONLY  
WILL YOUR NEW  
POSITION FILL  
YOU WITH PRIDE,  
IT WILL FILL  
YOU WITH  
EXPERIENCE."

WELL, I'M  
SORRY! I WAS OR-  
DERED TO PLUNGE AN  
ELECTRIFIED  
D-DAGGER INTO  
YOUR L-LIVING  
BRAIN AND IF IT  
HURTS THAT'S N-  
NOT MY FAULT!



"AS A  
SPECIALIST  
CRACK  
TROOPER  
YOU'LL LEARN  
MANY INTER-  
ESTING NEW  
SKILLS..."

"...WHICH WILL SURPRISE  
AND IMPRESS YOUR  
FRIENDS IN LATER LIFE."

THAT'S IT!  
LOCATE THE MARKOV  
POINT IN YOUR ENEMY  
SOLDIER'S HARD LIGHT  
SCREEN, THEN PUNCH  
YOUR ELECTROPIC  
DOWN THROUGH HER  
DIRTY TERRORIST  
SKULL!



MONA,  
THAT  
HURT!

W-WELL I'M  
SORRY! I WAS OR-  
DERED TO PLUNGE AN  
ELECTRIFIED  
D-DAGGER INTO  
YOUR L-LIVING  
BRAIN AND IF IT  
HURTS THAT'S N-  
NOT MY FAULT!



OKAY,  
YOU WOMEN:  
ON WITH THE  
ASSAULT  
COURSE...

JONES? WHERE  
DO YOU THINK YOU'RE  
GOING? YOU JUST RE-  
CEIVED 800 VOLTS  
THROUGH YOUR  
CEREBRAL CORTEX.  
YOU'RE DEAD. YOU  
HAVE TO STAY  
HERE.

THE  
REST OF YOU,  
WATCH OUT FOR  
ENEMY HATCH-  
SNATCHERS!



HI, TOY.  
ARE YOU DEAD  
TOO? I GOT MY  
BRAIN FRIED.

THAT'S  
NOTHING.  
I GOT TURNED  
INTO AN UN-  
IDENTIFIABLE  
BONELESS  
MACE BY  
A VIBRO-  
MINE.

I'M SICK  
OF MANOEUVRES.  
I ALWAYS GET  
KILLED AND END  
UP SITTING  
HERE, DEAD.



NEVER  
MIND.

MAYBE  
BEING DEAD  
IS A SKILL  
THAT WILL COME  
IN HANDY IN  
LATER  
LIFE.







"ALSO, LET US NOT FORGET THE OPPORTUNITIES TO TRAVEL AND ENCOUNTER INTERESTING NEW RACES!"

"IN TODAY'S ARMED SERVICES, WE TELL YOU ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT OUR COUSINS OUT THERE BEYOND THE MILKY WAY..."

AN EXCITING NEW WORLD OF EXPERIENCE IN TODAY'S ARMED FORCES

"...THEIR WAY OF LIFE AND THEIR PICTURE-ESQUE CUSTOMS."



LOOK AT HER!

THIS DEGENERATE SUB-HUMAN SHE-DEVIL LIVES IN A FILTHY UNDERGROUND WARREN AND EATS THE CON-GEALED MAMMARY FLUIDS OF ANIMALS!

SOCIALLY BACKWARD, THESE PRIMITIVES PRODUCE HUGE FAMILIES WITH TWO OR EVEN THREE CHILDREN. THEY HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING IN COMMON WITH TRUE HUMANS.



TOY? DID YOU SEE HER NECK-LACE?

SHH! I'M RECEIVING 'SATELLITE OF SIN' ON MY IMPLANT.



THEY WORSHIP A TREE! THEY ARE TOTALLY UNABLE TO APPRECIATE THE ADVANCED CULTURE WE BRING THEM!

SEE, TESS TESSERACT IS HAVING A LONG OVERDUE CHAT WITH BLYTHA ABOUT HER RELATIONSHIP WITH CAPTAIN RINK.



THEY ONLY UNDERSTAND FORCE! YOU CAN'T TALK TO THEM!

DON'T LISTEN TO HER, TESS! SHE'S LYING! BLYTHA'S BEEN SEEING CAPTAIN RINK BEHIND YOUR BACK SINCE EPISODE NINE!

TOY...



OOPS.



"AND THEN, OF COURSE, THERE'S THAT UNIFORM!"

"FOR THOSE LONG NIGHTS ON GROUND LEAVE, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A UNIFORM TO ATTRACT THE MENFOLK."

"GIRLS, LET IT GIVE YOU A MAGIC THAT MALES CAN'T RESIST!"

"YOU'RE AN OPTICAL SPECIALIST? THAT'S A COINCIDENCE. TODAY I LEARNED HOW TO BLIND PEOPLE WITH MY THUMBS."

"ME TOO! SQUIDGE! HA HA HA!"



"I MEAN, I COULD NEVER DO IT. I MEAN, JUST THINKING ABOUT IT MAKES ME WANT TO THROW UP."

"YEAH! AND ALSO, WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO WIPE YOUR THUMBS ON AFTERWARDS?"



"UH, LOOK, I JUST REMEMBERED AN APPOINTMENT. I HAVE TO LEAVE ..."

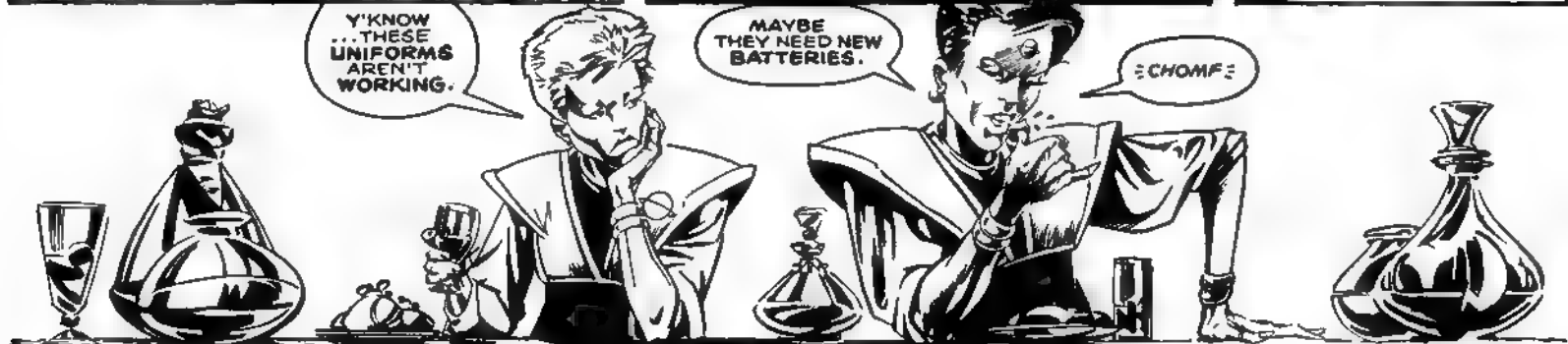
"HEY! WHERE'YA GOING? SIDDOWN!"



"Y'KNOW ... THESE UNIFORMS AREN'T WORKING."

"MAYBE THEY NEED NEW BATTERIES."

"=CHOMF="





"...AND ABOVE ALL, DON'T LET AN EXAGGERATED FEAR OF THE DANGERS INVOLVED PUT YOU OFF. OVER FORTY PER CENT OF ENTRANTS NEVER SEE ACTIVE SERVICE."

HAH!

TOY, THIS LEAFLET IS A JOKE! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET YOU TALK ME INTO ENLISTING!

SARGE, I DON'T LIKE THIS.

I THINK SOMEBODY'S BEEN JESTERING WITH US. HOW COME WE'VE BEEN SENT TO A WAR-ZONE SO SOON? IT SAYS HERE FORTY PER CENT NEVER SEE COMBAT!

BUT DON'T WORRY...

MAYBE YOU'LL BE ONE OF THE LUCKY SIXTY PER CENT WHOSE CHUTE SUIT ACTUALLY OPENS.

THOSE FIGURES ARE PERFECTLY ACCURATE, JONES.

OKAY, WOMEN, WE ENTERED THE ATMOSPHERE OF WARZONE 11 ELEVEN MINUTES AGO! ADJUST YOUR CHUTE SUITS AND PREPARE TO JUMP.

WHAT DID SHE JUST SAY?

NEXT  
PROG.

OCCUPATIONS.



# JUDGE DREDD THE WARLORD

OUT OF THE DARK MISTS OF TIME COME THE  
TERRIFYING SPECTRES OF JI LEGEND —

IN BLOOD I COMMAND —  
COME FORTH THE  
SEVEN SAMURAI!

SCRIPT  
T. B. GROVER  
ART  
CAM KENNEDY  
LETTERING  
T. FRAME





SHOJAN, WARLORD OF JI, HAS COME TO MEGA-CITY ONE TO SUMMON THE SEVEN SAMURAI, THE LEGENDARY WARRIORS OF MAYHEM AND DESTRUCTION. JUDGE DREDD HAS BEEN ORDERED TO ASSASSINATE THE NIPPONESE MYSTIC, BUT -

LET US GO!



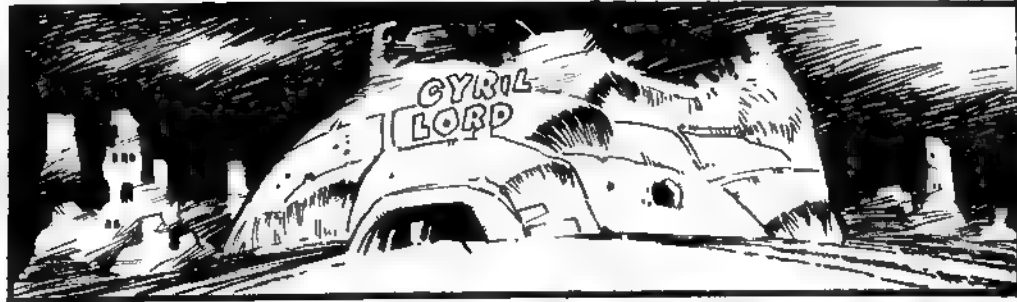
CHIEF JUDGE!  
THEY'VE DONE A  
BUNK!

DAMN!

OKAY, DREDD - GET  
YOURSELF MOBILE. YOU'LL  
BE INFORMED WHEN WE  
LOCATE THEM.



PUT EVERY AVAILABLE PSI  
ONTO THIS, OMAR. WE'VE  
GOT TO FIND SHOJAN BEFORE  
HE SETS THESE DEMONS LOOSE!



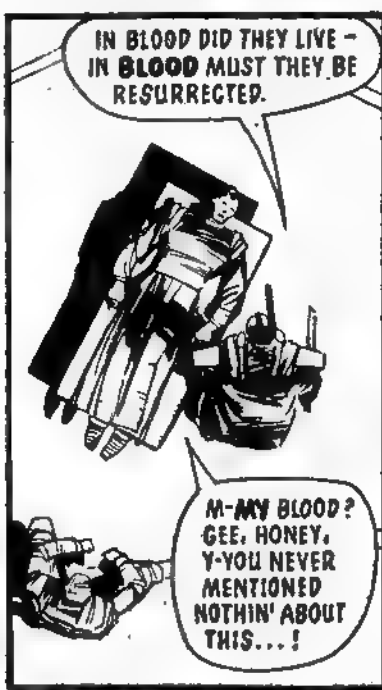
THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE THE  
EARTH FORCES ARE GREATEST.  
HERE WE WILL CARRY OUT  
THE ANCIENT RITUAL.

PLEASE BE SEATED  
AT THE POINTS OF  
THE PENTANGLE.



SAYONARA, MY DEAR,  
YOU WILL LIE HERE.

WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO,  
SHOJI?



IN BLOOD DID THEY LIVE -  
IN BLOOD MUST THEY BE  
RESURRECTED.

M-MY BLOOD?  
GEE, HONEY,  
Y-YOU NEVER  
MENTIONED  
NOTHIN' ABOUT  
THIS...!





**COME HAKIRI THE CRUEL!  
COME SHIMA AND BUKAI!**

**COME HAGASAN! SHOW  
THY MERCILESS VISAGE!**



**HEAR ME YABOKI BLOOD-DRINKER!  
HEAR ME FLENCN AND FOUL AKU!**

**I, SHOJAN, WARLORD OF JI,  
SUMMON YOU TO MY SERVICE!**



**IN BLOOD I COMMAND -  
COME FORTH THE  
SEVEN SAMURAI!**



**TH-THE  
GROUND'S  
SHAKIN'!**



**ARISE!  
ARISE!**

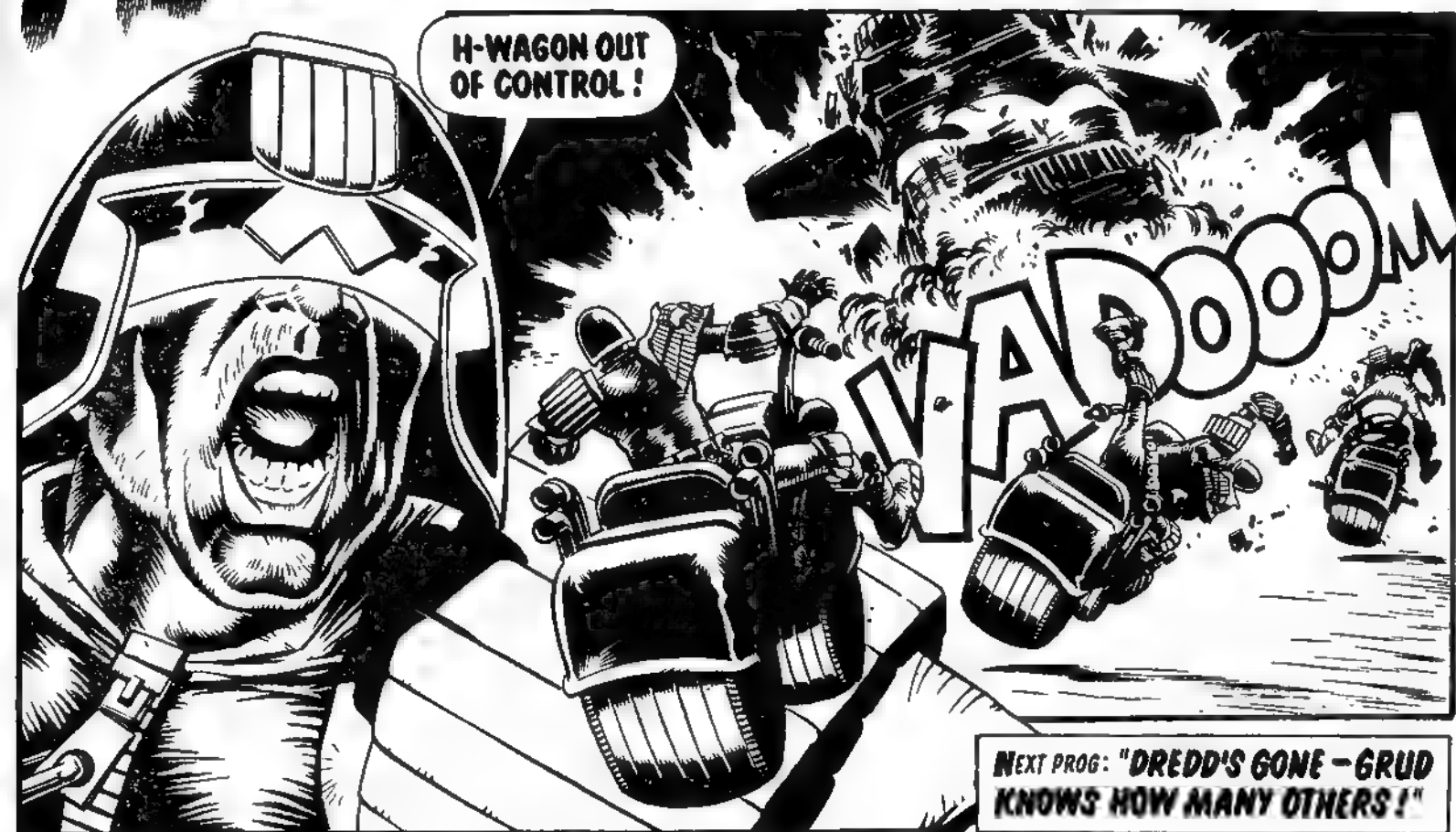


**ARISE!**









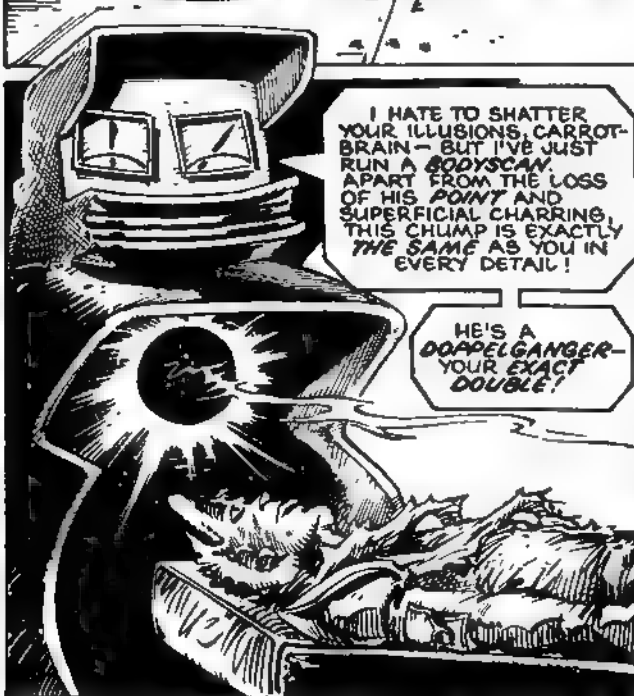
**NEXT PROG: "DREDD'S GONE - GRUD  
KNOWS HOW MANY OTHERS!"**

# ACE TRUCKING CO. The Doppelgarp

SOON, IN  
SPEEDO  
GHOST'S  
MED-BAY—



OH NO! NOT  
ANOTHER ACE!  
IT NIGHTMARE  
COME TRUE! NO  
HEE HEE!



I HATE TO SHATTER  
YOUR ILLUSIONS, CARROT-  
BRAIN— BUT I'VE JUST  
RUN A BODYSCAN.  
APART FROM THE LOSS  
OF HIS POINT AND  
SUPERFICIAL CHARRING,  
THIS CHUMP IS EXACTLY  
THE SAME AS YOU IN  
EVERY DETAIL!

HE'S A  
DOPPELGANGER—  
YOUR EXACT  
DOUBLE!

ALIEN SPACE TRUCKER ACE GARP AND HIS  
BUFFO G-B-N HAVE RESCUED A SINGLE  
SURVIVOR FROM A DRIFTING SPACE WRECK—



GET THE  
LIFE-AT  
READY, FEEK!  
WE'VE GOT US  
A NEAR-  
CROAKER  
HERE!

2000AD  
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT  
BRANT/GROVER  
ART ROBOT  
BELLARDINELLI  
LETTERING ROBOT  
TONY JACOB

COMPU-73E



SURE LOOKS THE  
SAME, BONY BUDDY—  
BUT IT CAN'T BE ME!  
IT'S ONE OF A KIND—  
A GEN-YOO-WINE,  
YOO-NIQUE, ONE-FF,  
EEE-CENTRIC,  
INDIVIDUAL-TYPE  
SPACE HERO!

IF THAT  
MEAN UOOS,  
YOU GGT FEEK  
VOTE!



AYYA! FEEK HEAR OF DOPPEL—  
THEY GHOST? IS A WARNING,  
ACE— WHAT HAPPEN TO YOU  
IF NOT WISE UP, FORGET ALL  
CRAZY, HAREBRAIN SCHEME!

MIGHTY SOLID  
FOR A YOOHOO,  
BONY BUDDY.

POKE!

POKE!



THERE IS ANOTHER EXPLANATION. HE MAY COME FROM A PARALLEL UNIVERSE—A DUPLICATE COEXISTING ALONGSIDE OUR OWN. HIS SHIP SHOWED SIGNS OF SEVERE MELTDOWN. PERHAPS IT WAS SUCKED INTO SOME KIND OF SPACE WARD—A GATEWAY BETWEEN HIS UNIVERSE AND OURS!

YEAH, THAT'D MAKE SENSE!

HRRMM! MAKES NO SENSE TO ME, ACE. IF THERE'S A PARALLEL UNIVERSE, HOW COME HE IS HERE AND NOT THERE?

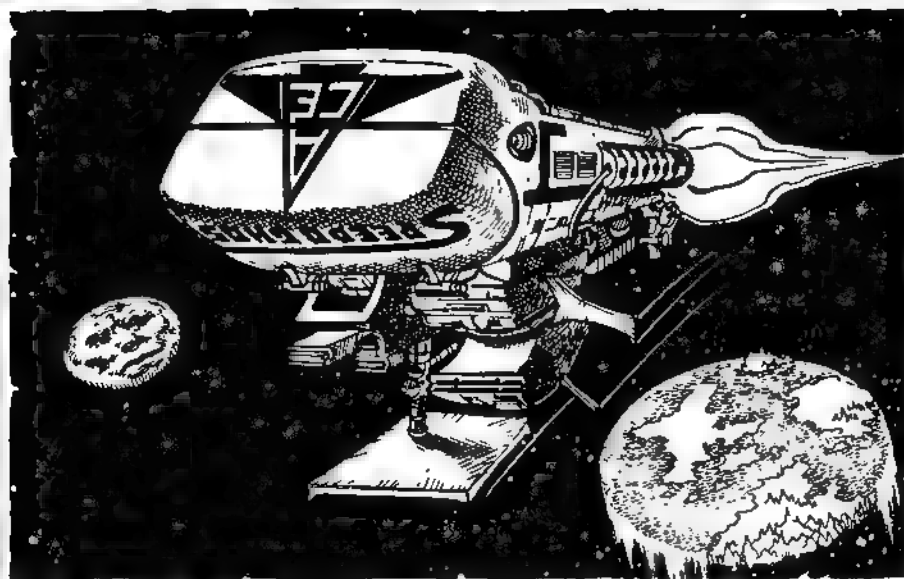
GUESS IT JUST AIN'T THAT PARALLEL, BIG BUDDY!

HRRMM?

HIS WOUNDS ARE SEVERE, BUT EASILY TREATED. A COUPLE OF DAYS' SPEED-HEALING AND HE'LL BE ABLE TO ANSWER FOR HIMSELF.

OOKYDOO! TAKE CARE OF IT, DIGITAL BUDDY. BETTER LOOK OUT SOME NOO CLOTHES FOR HIM, TOO.

AN' HE'S GONNA NEED A NOO SCARF. THIS UN'S CROAKED!



36 HOURS LATER  
SPEEDO GHOST  
DOCKS AT THE  
GIANT MID-SPACE  
DEPOT B-NIVE-  
FIVE—



THE CARGO IS  
UNLOADED—



AND FRESH CARGO  
TAKEN ON—

THREE THOUSAND  
DADI-SPADS OF MIXED  
SEED FOR DELIVERY  
TO PLANET UCKPUCK!

CHICKEN CITY—  
THAT'S OUR NEXT  
TWENTY, GOOD  
BUDDY!



LUG  
HER  
UP!



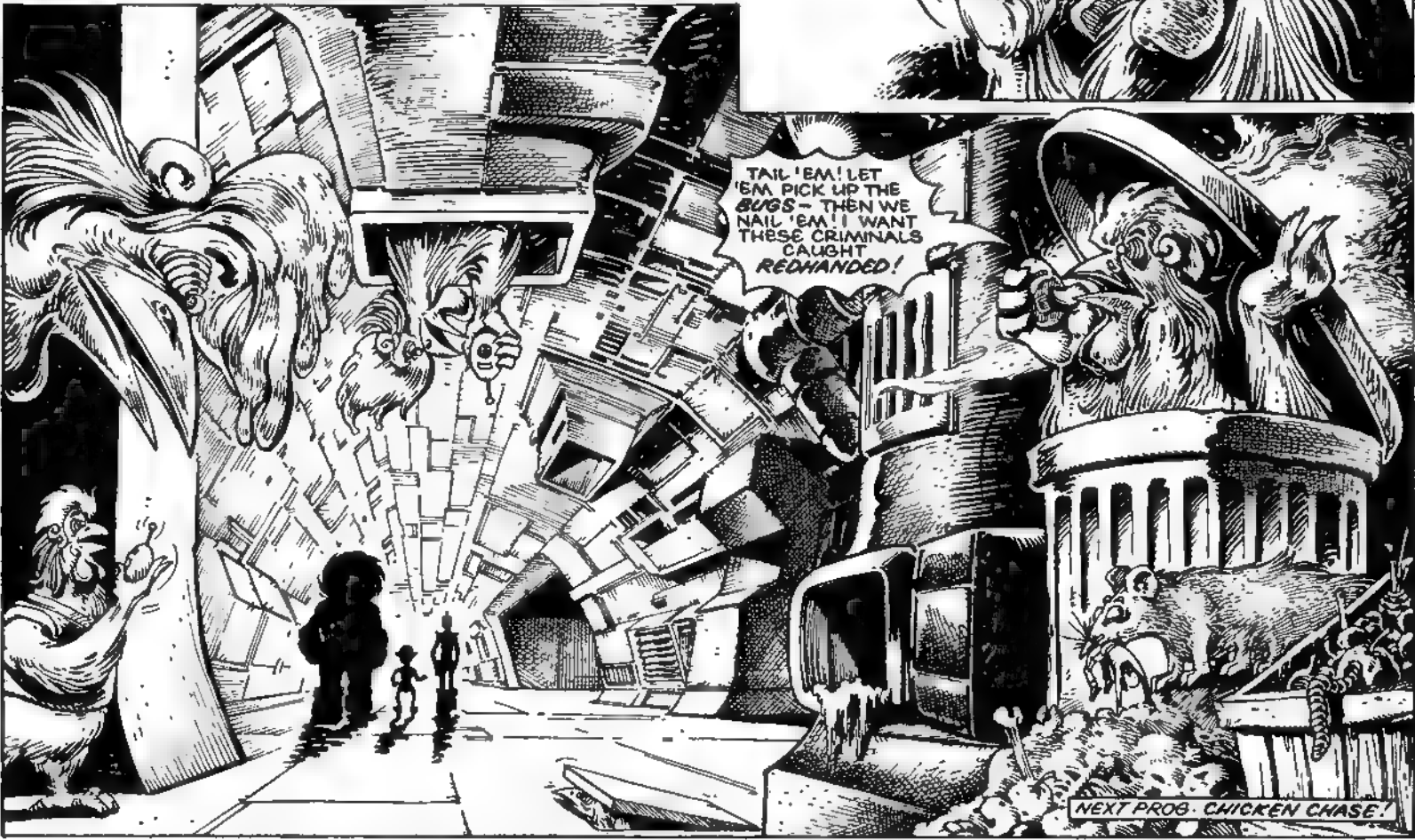
SO HOW'S MY  
DOPPLEGARDER,  
BONY BUD?

HEAL NICELY.  
RECOVER SOON.  
NO HEE HEE!

OOKYDOO.  
LET'S GET OOFIN!—  
WE GOT *BIZZESS*  
TO TAKE CARE OF!







# Strontium Dog

793 A.D. MUTANT BOUNTYHUNTER JOHNNY ALPHA HAS ENLISTED THE AID OF WOLF STERNHAMMER AND HIS VIKINGS TO TRACK DOWN MAX BUBBA'S MUTIE GANG — WHOSE PRESENCE IN THE PAST IS CREATING TIME DISTORTIONS THAT THREATEN TO WIPE OUT ALL HISTORY! NOW

THE SAIL'S  
CAUGHT  
FIRE!

2000AD  
Credit Card

34 EMPT. PAGES  
ALAN GRANT  
ART JOHNNY  
C. EZQUERRA  
LETTERING BOB  
KID ROBSON

COMPU-73c

LOOK OUT,  
JOHNNY!

KRAKK!

I'M  
TRAPPED!





IF THE TIME DISTORTIONS ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO CAUSE THAT, WE MUST BE GETTING CLOSE TO THE NEXUS. EITHER THAT OR THE WHOLE DAMN MESS IS A LOT MORE ADVANCED THAN DOC DURAN THOUGHT!

THEN—

ROUGH WATER AHEAD!

GIANT WHIRLPOOL!

ODIN'S BEARD!  
TO THE OARS—  
TO THE OARS!



TURN,  
DRAGONBREATH!  
TURN!



SHE'S  
TURNING!  
HEAVE!

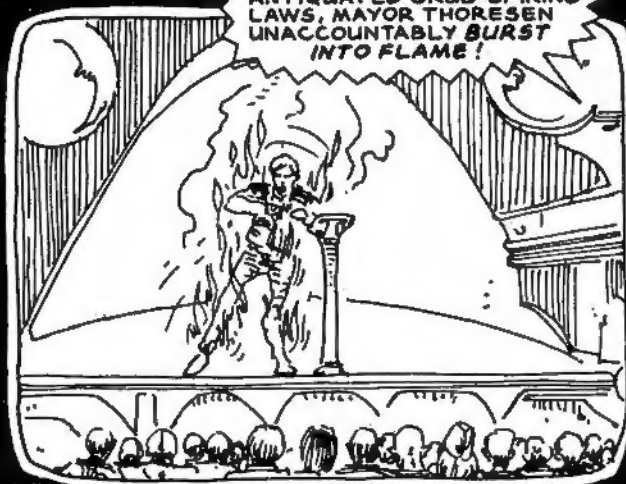



2170 A.D. THE DOGHOUSE, ORBITING BASE  
OF THE STRONTIUM DOG AGENCY—

...MYSTERY TODAY SURROUNDS  
THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MAYOR  
TOMMY THORESEN OF  
ATLANTA, GEORGIA...




IN THE MIDDLE OF A SPEECH  
CONDEMNING THE STATE'S  
ANTIQUATED GRUB-SPIKING  
LAWS, MAYOR THORESEN  
UNACCOUNTABLY BURST  
INTO FLAME!

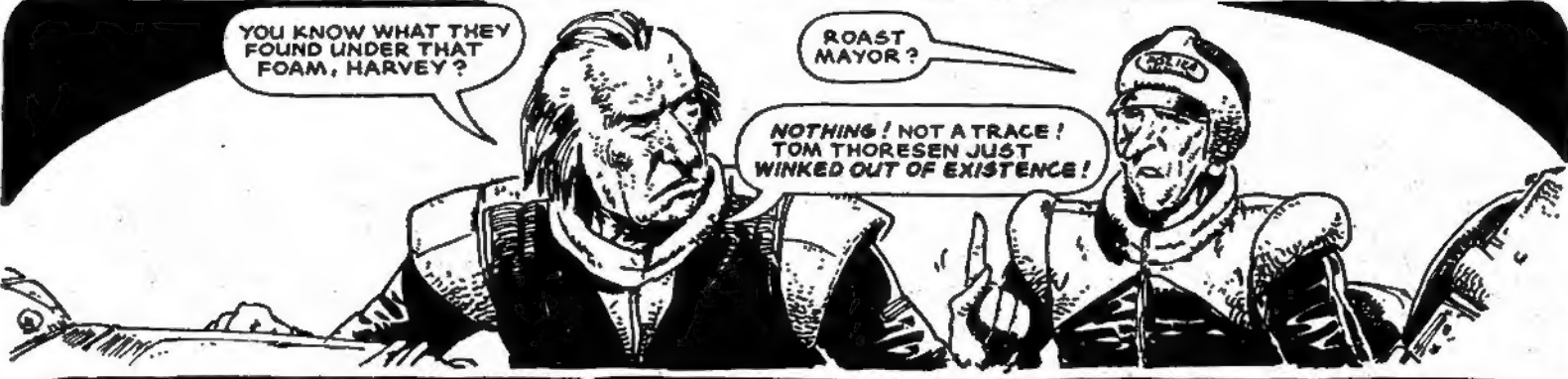




WITHIN SECONDS, THE  
MAYOR BECAME A  
BLAZING INFERNO!




FIRE EXTINGUISHERS WERE  
RUSHED IN—BUT TO NO AVAIL!



YOU KNOW WHAT THEY  
FOUND UNDER THAT  
FOAM, HARVEY?


ROAST  
MAYOR?

NOTHING! NOT A TRACE!  
TOM THORESEN JUST  
WINKED OUT OF EXISTENCE!




THIS ISN'T THE FIRST,  
EITHER. THERE HAVE  
BEEN AT LEAST ANOTHER  
DOZEN SPONTANEOUS  
COMBUSTIONS OVER  
THE PAST THREE DAYS!

COMPUTER SAYS FIVE  
OF THESE BAKED  
POTATOES ARE CALLED  
THORESEN, DOC. WHY  
D'YOU RECKON THAT IS?



I'VE RACKED MY BRAINS—  
AND THERE'S ONLY ONE  
EXPLANATION THAT MAKES  
ANY KIND OF SENSE. IT'S A  
MESSAGE—A WARNING!

FROM  
ALPHA?



NO. FROM MAX BUBBA. HE  
KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING  
—AND HE WANTS US TO  
KNOW IT TOO. THESE TIME  
DISTORTIONS ARE NOT  
JUST AN ACCIDENT...

MAX BUBBA IS  
DELIBERATELY  
SETTING OUT  
TO DESTROY  
THE WORLD!

Next Prog.

INTO  
THE  
VORTEX!



# Nest + Ukko



Fabry